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The Rime of Rose Life.

ELMER JEROME MURPHY, '97.

Each morn a thousand roses brings, you say.
—OMAR KHAYYAM.

A THOUSAND roses in the morning light,
Forerunners of the matin song,—
The ruffled petals all in dew bedight,
A tossing, waving, fragrance-wafting throng—
Nod and beckon all the street along,
In the morning light.

A thousand roses in the sweltering noon,
Drooping, withering in the heat,
Pray that the cooling rain bedew them soon.
The shriveled petals, once all fresh and sweet,
Hang listless now along the burning street,
In the sweltering noon.

A thousand roses in the gloom of night,
When the waning moon glows overhead,
All laughed at morn; but the golden sun can blight
The fairest flowers;—now all lie pale and dead,
The petals scattered, dreamy fragrance fled
In the gloom of night.

The Law of the Land.*

JUDGE T. E. HOWARD, '64.

BY "The Law of the Land," as used in this paper, is meant the body of our law, from whatever source derived, the law under which we live. The words are sometimes used in a technical sense, as nearly equivalent to due process of law; as where it is said that one appeals for his defense to the law of the land, meaning that

he insists upon all his rights under the law. But in what is to be now said, the words are used to signify the whole body of the law as administered by the courts of the country.

In the year of our Lord, 1346, at Crecy, in France, John of Luxemburg, King of Bohemia, was slain in battle. Edward the Black Prince, the hero in that conflict, adopted the crest of the fallen king, together with his motto: *Ich dien*—"I serve, I obey."

With the possible exception of Henry the Fifth, Shakspeare's Prince Hal, or William the Conqueror himself, the founder of the dynasty, the most brilliant soldier that ever sprang from the English royal line was this Black Prince. His father, in those days of Crecy, was King of England.

At that time, and in the previous history of the world, it was not without danger to himself that the son or the brother of a king should become distinguished in war. His own ambition or the king's jealousy frequently forced him into a conflict with his sovereign, notwithstanding the closeness of the ties of blood. The popular Black Prince, therefore, did well, in the hour of his glory as victor at Crecy, to prove his fealty to his king and his father, by adopting this motto of obedience to law, and subordination to lawful authority: *Ich dien*—"I serve." This action of the English hero has ennobled him more than all his victories; and from the days of the Black Prince, every prince of Wales, in the long line of succession, has proudly worn this motto, caught from the battlefield by the hero of Crecy,—*Ich dien*. Obedience to the law is the first element of citizenship. Without it there can be neither good order nor free government amongst men.

There has been grave dispute during all time as to the origin of evil. Philosophers and

* Lecture delivered before the Faculty and students in Washington Hall on Friday, May 7.

founders of sects and religions have essayed to discover why evil has come into the world, why there should be sin and suffering, unhappiness and trouble amongst men. When we look closely at the matter, however, we shall see that there is but one evil, whether in the physical or the moral world. That one evil is disobedience to law. From this cause springs every evil in the world.

Have you pain or sickness of body? Then you, or others for you, have violated some law of your physical nature. Do certain persons, or classes of persons, suffer for food and clothing and shelter, while others have these things in abundance? There is, then, some failure to observe the laws of health, of industry, or of economy; or there is some overreaching by other persons to take what does not fairly belong to them. So of war, famine and pestilence, and of every other evil of which we can conceive. Search for the cause in each instance, back to the source, and there you will find some disobedience to law. This was Milton's thought, in the opening lines of his noble epic, when he sang

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe."

What is thus true of the physical and the moral world, is also true of the social world. All the ills that beset mankind, whether as individuals or as citizens of the state, are due to our violation of the laws of the community in which we live and of which we form a part.

We are social beings, and must live together in families, in neighborhoods and in states. As the members of our bodies must not war with one another, but must each serve the others and obey the general law of the body,—the eyes to see the way before us, the ears to guard on either side, and front and rear, the nostrils to scent danger from afar, and to distinguish what may with safety be taken as food and drink; and so for the others. In like manner, no individual in the family, in the neighborhood or in the state, is a law unto himself; but each serves every other one, and conserves the common weal of the whole social body.

Were this obedience to law yielded freely by every member of society, we should have the ideal state, the Utopia of Sir Thomas More. But some men constantly, and most men occasionally, perverting that free will which is the most noble attribute of our humanity, have, during all time, chosen rather to disobey than to obey. Unlike the Black Prince, they will

not say we serve; but rather, with the Prince of Darkness, we will not serve. It has always, therefore, been found necessary for the good order and happiness of the people to lay down rules of conduct between man and man, and to compel obedience to such rules. These rules, when proceeding from proper authority, constitute the laws of the land.

Blackstone's definition of law, though often criticised, is, nevertheless, perhaps the most satisfactory that has been given: "A rule of civil conduct, prescribed by supreme power in a state, commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong." All human law, therefore, since it has to do with right and wrong, must, from its nature and object, be founded upon the law of God; whether this law of God be revealed to us through our human nature and our conscience, as to what is right and wrong, or whether it has come to us more directly by His personal word and inspiration.

In the civilized nations there have been three great systems of law: the Civil Law, the Canon Law and the Common Law. The civil law originated with the Romans, and is by far the noblest legacy left to us by that wonderful people. The source of the civil law is lost in the mists of antiquity. It consisted, in the beginning, of the wise customs of the primitive Latin tribes. These customs were by degrees formed into rules of conduct, and were epitomized in the Twelve Tables, and engraved on plates of brass for the information of the people. A knowledge of these Twelve Tables was a necessary part of the education of every youth of the republic.

In time, this Roman law became so extensive that it was necessary to make selections of what was most important. The first noted selection of this kind was the Theodocian Code, made by order of the Emperor Theodosius. But the most excellent of such selections were the Digests made by order of the Emperor Justinian. As the modern nations of Europe arose, one by one, out of the ruins of the Roman Empire, they, almost without exception, adopted the Roman or civil law, as digested in the books prepared by the Roman lawyers under the direction of Justinian.

In recent times, the most valuable digest of the civil law is the Code Napoleon. Under this code, not only France, but other neighboring nations, are governed. The civil law prevails also in Germany, and generally in all continental Europe, as well as in Scotland; also in Spanish America, north and south, in the

Province of Quebec and in our own state of Louisiana. The canon law consists of the rules which have been formed in the course of ages for the government of matters relating to the Church. It is based upon the civil law, as modified by the principles of the Christian religion. The third system of law, and that on which our own law is chiefly based, is the common law. This system originated with the early inhabitants of Britain; even as the civil law had its source in the customs of the primitive Roman people. It, too, has insensibly grown from those early customs into the full development of a great system of jurisprudence, as we have it now.

The object and end of all these systems of law, is, of course, the same, namely, to secure the right and prevent the wrong. The different systems, however, do not always agree as to what, in any given case, is right and what is wrong; nor do they, in every case, agree as to the mode of procedure that should be followed in attaining the right or avoiding the wrong. Yet, while such differences exist, it is not easy to state them in a brief manner. It may be said, however; in general, that the common law always keeps in view the rights of the individual; not absolutely, perhaps, but as these rights have been expressly determined and laid down.

The aim of the civil law is to keep constantly in view the great ends of right and justice. The common law tends to the stability and security of individual rights, as these have been set out from time immemorial in the letter of the law: the law, as so laid down, becomes the bulwark of liberties and rights already acquired. The civil law is rather concerned with the question of right and justice in each case as presented. The civil law is less controlled by precedent and by forms of law. It is freer, but less stable, than the common law.

The common law is the safest bulwark for rights already acquired. The civil law, while giving larger liberty to do what is right in the case at hand, and therefore serving better for the acquiring of new rights, yet more easily suffers the loss of what was before acquired. The common law is the sheet anchor of safety; the civil law the white sail of progress. It is plain, therefore, that in both these systems of law there are elements necessary for the most perfect system. The fair and wise union of both would give the highest and best result. And that is what we have substantially attained to in this favored land. With us the common law and the civil law are, to a large extent, blended.

Modifying these, our statute law has gone on from year to year, removing at once the no longer needed shackles of the common law, and curbing the too arbitrary character of the civil law. Insensibly softening all these is the sweet charity of the canon law and of that equity which has proceeded from the Sermon on the Mount.

As in America are found united all the best races of the world, so here we have combined the best in the laws of all mankind. The elder nations have done the best that could be done, each in its own line. We could not, perhaps, well improve on any of these by itself; but we have formed a better than any by uniting all in one. So Dryden sang of the poets:

"Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To form a third, she joined the other two."

The first digest of the common law, so far as known, was the *Dome Book of Alfred the Great*. This was a codification and blending of the various customs and usages prevailing in his kingdom.

After the conquest of the Saxons by the Danes, there was naturally much confusion introduced. The ancient Britons—the first inhabitants of the country—were mostly forced to western England and to Wales. Here prevailed what was called the *Mercian Code of laws*. East of the Mercians, and on the south part of the island, were pressed the Saxons, who preserved the laws of Alfred. Along the east coast were the later invaders, the Danes, who followed customs of their own. Out of these three systems of laws were finally laid the foundations of the common law, in the code published by King Edward the Confessor, sometimes called the good St. Edward. It will thus be seen, as Bacon says, that our laws are as mixed as our language.

The territory of England was peopled in turn by the Britons or Celts, the Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, and, finally, the Norman French; each conquering their predecessors, and each modifying the laws, as well as the language, of the conquered country, by introducing their own customs and language. From this commingling of peoples finally emerged that unity of laws and of speech, which we know as the common law and the English language. They grew together, and are both the products, not of any one race or people, but of many.

These laws were in the beginning administered by the king, who was himself the sole fountain of authority. From this circumstance we have our word court. To us it means the place where, or the persons by whom, justice is administered. To the English it meant originally, and does still to some extent mean, the palace and surroundings of the king or queen. To this royal court came all the people who sought redress of grievances, or the enforcement of rights. And as the king moved from place to place, while he journeyed through his kingdom, it became necessary for those who were engaged in suits before the court, to follow the king from town to town wherever he should choose to go.

As population and civilization increased, the business of the court also increased, until, in time, it became an intolerable burden to the people to follow the king's court from place to place. The people began to demand that their Common Pleas—that is, the questions affecting their common and individual rights,—should be heard in some fixed place and at certain stated times, so that justice might be done them without so great inconvenience and expense.

This reform was finally accomplished by the Great Charter which was wrung from King John. In that instrument it was provided, amongst other things, that the Common Pleas should no longer be compelled to follow the king's court from place to place, but should be held at some certain locality. This place of holding the Common Pleas was finally fixed at Westminster Hall, where the court had originally been held whenever the king was at the capital. Thus the judicial part of the government was for the first time separated from the executive. From this time forth, although all things still proceeded as if the king continued to sit in the court, yet, practically, the judges who presided in Westminster Hall, by degrees, themselves became the sole dispensers of justice.

The Court of Common Pleas, thus established at Westminster, was the great bulwark of the common law and of the rights of the people. Here all property rights between man and man were determined. It was the people's court. But while the Common Pleas were thus fixed at Westminster, the king's court still remained as a court of appeal, and also for ultimate jurisdiction of criminal causes. Out of this grew, in time, what is known as the Court of the King's or the Queen's Bench. This is the highest common law court, except the House

of Lords. The Court of the King's Bench, although theoretically following the king from place to place, has, in fact, been also long fixed at Westminster. It is the High Court of Appeals from all the county and other lower courts, and even from the Common Pleas.

The Court of the Exchequer was formerly a division of the king's court, having to do with the royal revenues. By various fictions, intended to show some connection with the collection of public taxes and other matters relating to the revenues of the state, this court has grown to have jurisdiction of many matters which should otherwise be tried before the Common Pleas. In truth, by means of these fictions, the principles of equity began to mitigate somewhat the severe and unbending rules of the common law. In this Court of the Exchequer, and still more in the Court of Chancery, the influence of the civil law and of the canon law began to be felt.

The High Court of Chancery was the outgrowth of a desire to right certain wrongs that could not be reached in the ordinary processes of the law. It was always, as it still is, the theory of the English constitution, that the king, the fountain of all authority, could himself do no wrong. When it was found, however, that, as a matter of fact, letters patent issued by the king, or other acts done by him, were, in truth, issued or done contrary to law, and were unjust or oppressive, the king, by his chancellor, so called, cancelled or set aside the act of the king. This was in effect a revising of the king's act by another act of the king himself. The king's conscience thus caused him to correct what his hand had inadvertently done.

The chancellor was a sort of confidential or private secretary of the king, and was in the beginning an ecclesiastic, and as such, the keeper of the king's conscience. The name of this officer and the character of his office both came from the Roman law, through the canon law, into the jurisprudence of England. Here, as in the Court of the Exchequer, we find the source of the equity side of our courts, that which is so noble a feature of our administration of justice. In a multitude of cases, where the property rights of citizens are concerned, equity secures to the people what the severe forms of the law could never give. Equity, indeed, is nothing more than a christianizing of the law. For the harsh rule which exacted the pound of flesh next to the heart, equity substituted that tender spirit of a loftier justice

which Portia extolled so highly and named it mercy.

The rules of the common law were indeed intended to, and did, in part, originally secure all the rights of the people. But the rigid rules laid down by the law were often, in practice, found inadequate to secure the rights originally intended; for the reason, chiefly, that human ingenuity succeeded, in time, in evading the spirit of the law; so that, under color of legal forms, wrong was often done.

But by equity we are not to understand that one may have right done without regard to forms of law. That is very far from the case; for equity proceeds according to method and rule quite as well as law. Besides, equity will only interfere where the law fails to supply an adequate remedy. For example: A man may give a mortgage to secure a debt. But if, instead of a mortgage he gives a deed, absolute on its face, to secure the debt, and if the debtor should hold the deed and refuse to surrender it, even if payment were offered in full for the debt, by the law the deed would be good; but the court of equity would hold the deed to be, as the parties intended it, only a mortgage.

To take another illustration. If a husband in failing circumstances should agree with his creditor to deed him his farm in payment of his debt, on condition that the creditor should reconvey a part of the farm to the debtor's wife for her home, and the creditor having secured the deed should refuse to make a deed back to the debtor's wife as he had agreed to do when she signed away her interest in the farm: in such a case the law could give no relief, and the creditor's deed would be good to the whole farm; but a court of equity would find that in good conscience the creditor should make a deed back to the wife for the part agreed upon.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Reality.

What mortals think, not what they say,
Decides their happiness;
Tomorrow's pain, as bliss today,
May waft a fond caress

Upon the brow of him, serene
Unto another's eye;
For all things are not what they seem,
And man is doomed to die.

F. J. F. C.

Varsity Verse.

TWILIGHT ON THE POOL.

IN amid the waving sedges,
Fringing closely all its edges,
Calm it lies.
Looking-glass, wherein the peerer
Sees his image: blue and clearer
Than the skies.

There are crickets 'mid its rushes
And, when come the twilight hushes,
Then their throats,
With the katydid's sad sighing
And the bullfrog's vesper crying,
Mingle notes.

Then my heart, with the refrain
Whispered o'er and o'er again,
Joins its dree;
For my life is twilight ever,
While the fates still, sweetheart, sever
You and me.

C. M. B. B.

NOTRE DAME.

When first I saw her stately grace,—
A vision time can ne'er efface,—
I stood enchanted at the place,
At Notre Dame.

Far from all strife, in sweet repose
Her golden domes majestic rose;
Where St. Joe's water calmly flows
Is Notre Dame.

From rippling fountains water gushed,
By western sunbeams rosy flushed,—
All other sounds were sweetly hushed
At Notre Dame.

Thy classic halls, thy lofty trees,
And all their blissful memories
Steal o'er me like a gentle breeze,
Fair Notre Dame.

Long to my heart may memory bring
Those joyous songs we used to sing
Of team, of crew, of everything
At Notre Dame!

Time was when thou, a modest school,
Unravelling slow the tangled spool
That held success—thy future goal,
O, Notre Dame!

But now thy sons from wide world o'er—
From snow-capped peak, from ocean's roar,—
Sip honey from thy golden store,
Fair Notre Dame.

Thus may it ever be with thee,
O *Alma Mater* dear to me;
Be thine eternal victory,
Dear Notre Dame!

F. J. F. C.

On the Mississippi.

HUNTER M. BENNETT, '97.

It was with some impatience that he heard the captain say that there was one more plantation to stop at before they reached their destination. It seemed to him that every gatepost had been a stopping-place, and he wondered if he had really made better time by taking passage on this small provision boat.

It was in the early days of navigation on the southern Mississippi, and to save the time which elapsed between the trips of the large passenger boats he had decided to travel on one of the small crafts that carried the products of the plantations to market. He would thus be enabled to transact some important business and still have time left to visit a southern friend of his for a few days.

As he came down the river he had been interested at first in the beautiful natural scenery of the country through which he passed, and the frequent stops of the boat afforded him an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with the life of the people on the plantations. His northern ideas were somewhat rudely shocked, as he noticed how happy and contented everyone appeared to be, and their apparent freedom from care caused a feeling of envy to arise in his mind. Not that he had any care, because he was a bachelor and rich. Still his imagination seemed to have wandered away today, and he felt uncomfortable as old, unpleasant ideas, which he thought he had long ago effectively smothered, returned to his mind. He had often proved to himself that he was as happy as anyone could be; but now, as he passed down the Mississippi, and saw the quiet and comfort of the plantation home life, the loneliness of his own bachelor existence appeared very unattractive. Try as he might he could not keep unpleasant comparisons from occurring to him, and it made him uncomfortable. Half the pleasure of his former life had been in thinking that others were not so fortunate as himself, and to have his settled convictions thus ruffled was not pleasant to one of his temperament.

To satisfy his discontented mind he began to find fault with everything around him, and it was not long before he had spoiled the whole pleasure of the journey. It was a great source of satisfaction to him to notice the

uncleanliness of everything about the boat; and he enjoyed it so much that after the first few stops at the plantations he preferred to remain in what he considered his miserable surroundings rather than go on shore and see the loading and unloading of provisions.

As evening approached he joyfully heard some one say that they were not very far from the end of their journey; but his hopes fell again when the captain, a few moments later, told him that they had one more stop to make before they reached their destination. It would be the longest they had yet made, he said, and the passenger angrily settled himself in his chair determined to stay there until they should start again.

The boat glided noiselessly down the river, and now and then as they passed by the cotton fields they could hear the songs of the negroes as they returned from their work. Their mellow voices, gliding softly over the water, seemed to have a sympathetic effect on the boatmen, for as the songs from the fields would cease they would break out into a musical response. Indeed it would seem that anyone sitting in the boat could hardly help joining in the general spirit of gladness surrounding him. As night was creeping over the earth and all nature was hastening to bid an affectionate farewell to day, a feeling of peace and happiness spread over each man's soul. Even the angry passenger showed that he had at length been compelled to relinquish his disagreeable thoughts, for as the boat slowed up he stepped on shore with the rest. Of course, as he told himself, it was not because he had seen anything new to admire that had made him change his mind, but he just wished to get a glimpse of the country in which he was to spend a few days. The people here were neighbors of his friends, and he would very likely meet them sooner or later, so it was merely out of curiosity that he had left the boat. Everything in the plantation life, as he wandered across the meadows, appeared to be even more beautiful and attractive than it had been in the morning, and he could not keep the same thoughts of comparison from arising in his mind. But the spirit of peacefulness that the evening carried with it seemed to have softened his displeasure; for as the sweet sense of his beautiful surroundings obtained control of him he let his imagination have full sway.

His thoughts wandered back to a girl that he had known in his younger days, and the memories of his courtship returned vividly to

his mind. He had thought then that he would marry her, and he thought now, as he looked back over the past, how much happier he would have been had he done so. He pictured to himself an imaginary life with her upon a Southern plantation, and he felt almost like a schoolboy again as his head became filled with romantic images. But these pleasant thoughts were soon interrupted by the memories of his disappointed loves. It seemed to him that he had always been unlucky in his love affairs. Every woman he had ever cared for had married another man. He turned sadly towards the boat as these rough memories dispelled his happy fancies, and a sigh, half of resignation, half of discontent, escaped his lips. But fate seemed determined to be kind to him this evening, for as he started back, the sound of a woman's voice reached his ears. She had a voice of great power and sweetness, he noticed, and as he stopped to listen to her song all the romantic thoughts so rudely dispelled a moment before returned with renewed force to his mind. His excited imagination could trace a resemblance between her voice and that of a woman he had known years before, and he wondered if this woman was as beautiful as she. He hastily turned his footsteps towards the spot whence the singing came, and as he approached nearer he noticed that the words of her song were in the negro dialect. A few more steps brought him in sight of her sitting upon a low bank overlooking the river.

Yes, she was beautiful; even more beautiful than he had expected, and, to his excited mind, as he looked at her in her advantageous position, he thought she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. An unprejudiced person on seeing her for the first time would immediately say that she was pretty, and as he observed more closely the almost perfect symmetry of her face he would be compelled to acknowledge that she was beautiful. But it was more the beauty of a child than that of a woman. Her small and rounded features gave her a baby-like expression which he remembered to have seen somewhere, perhaps in the face of a doll. She could hardly be described as a doll either; for as she sat there on the bank she presented such a picture of life and health as is very rarely seen. Her full, red lips were half parted as she sang the last words of her song, and every breath she drew rendered more distinct the graceful outlines of her beautiful form. Her long, black eyelashes flashed back and forth over her large brown eyes, and the

dark red spots on her cheeks seemed to tingle with blood. The last rays of the sinking sun brought to light the golden ringlets of her light-shaded hair as it hung in flowing waves over her shapely shoulders, and it only served to increase the effect of her beauty on the passenger as he stood a short way off, as yet unwilling to approach her. He was anxious to speak to her, but he wished to linger a little longer and enjoy the sweet thoughts his imagination was forming in his excited mind.

Now and then a cloud would pass over his face, and one could see that his thoughts were not all pleasant. He could not keep from thinking how ridiculous his position would have appeared to him a few moments before. If any one had spoken to him of love at first sight he would have said that such a thing could only be imagined by a fool, but now it seemed to him that he was experiencing the reality of it. He had already determined, if possible, to make this woman his wife, and he was now busily engaged planning means by which he might advance his suit during his short visit here. He wondered what his bachelor friends would say if they knew how quickly he had changed his mind and contradicted the opinions he had always so strongly professed to hold, and he winced a little as he pictured to himself their amused smiles and the sarcastic remarks they would make. But he did not long allow these discouraging thoughts to occupy his mind. What did he care for the opinions of others, if he could obtain the object of his desires?

There were many things in his hastily conceived plans that would have worried another man, but they did not even occur to him. He did not think that probably she would not be so attractive to him after he knew her as she now appeared, and if he had done so it would not have greatly troubled him. Certainly there would be an unwilling loss of sentiment which now appeared to be the main reason of his action; but he had long trained himself to look upon marriage as a business affair rather than as a thing of sentiment, and the convenience of the arrangement which would allow him to satisfy his desire of enjoying the quiet and comfort of Southern home life would fully compensate him for any loss of affection he might experience.

It is true he had no reason to believe that she would accept his attentions or care for him, but it was yet too early for him to think of such things. He believed in the saying of the poet that

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," and it was not likely that his suit would suffer through lack of confidence on his part. Would not his affection count for anything? he asked himself. What woman could help feeling regard for a man in whom she had stirred so deep an admiration?

He evidently did not wish to trouble himself with these thoughts, for as they began to flash through his mind he started forward to meet her. He felt somewhat nervous at first, but the sweet smile with which she turned to meet him, when she noticed his approach, encouraged him to speak.

"I was thinking, madam," he said, "as I watched the beautiful evening here, how happy and proud you Southern ladies must feel of your homes. In the North we live in the busy and crowded cities, but here you have the comfort and quiet of the country and are mistresses of all you survey."

"Yes, sah, 'ats so," she replied; "but Ise not de mistus, sah; Ise jis heah niggah nuss. Ise a quadroon, do Ise not berry brack, is I?"

The passenger's friend, as he met him that evening at the landing-place, was painfully surprised to see how old his guest had suddenly grown, and it worried him when he announced that he would have to cut his visit short, as important business demanded his immediate presence in the North.

"Endymion."

WILLIAM F. SHEEHAN, '98.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breath-
ing."

With these famous lines Keats begins his "Endymion," the great poem that was so bitterly attacked by the critics of his day. The calm, unbiassed judgments of men have shown to the world how unjust these critics were. We may now truly say of his poetry, in his own words, "its loveliness increases," and "it will never pass into nothingness."

The poem is based on the myth of the love of Artemis for Endymion. Keats has clothed this beautiful Grecian story with all the charms of his rich fancy. The sweet music of the verse, with the most vivid pictures of nature's

beauties, must captivate and elevate the mind of every reader. Endymion is introduced to us at his native home on Mount Latmos surrounded by fair maidens and ruddy shepherds. They have come together to honor their great god, Pan, and in sweet strains floating through the flower-scented morning they sing:

"O thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
Who lovest to see the hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken;
And through wholesome hours dost sit, and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth,
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow!
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan!"

This hymn to Pan is one of the finest passages in the poem.

Endymion does not rejoice with his comrades in the loveliness of mortal objects, for he has seen the golden-haired goddess of the moon. He wanders sadly through flowery fields and by murmuring brooks, whispering his sorrowful tale to everything. Finally he meets a nymph that issues from a sparkling fountain, and she informs him that if he will wander far into regions not visited before he can be united with his loved immortal. She directs him to a cave near by, and he descends. His wonderful wanderings through the gloomy depths of Hades and thence through the brighter and more sublime realm of Neptune begin. The poet describes a part of the underworld thus:

"'Twas far too strange and wonderful for sadness;
Sharpening, by degrees, his appetite
To dive into the deepest. Dark, nor light,
The region; nor bright, nor sombre wholly,
But mingled up; a gleaming melancholy,
A dusky empire and its diadems;
One faint eternal eventide of gems."

The meeting of Endymion with the sleeping Adonis, and the arrival of Venus to awaken the latter from his winter's sleep is a most beautiful contrast to the solemn gloom of everything around him. Keats shows himself to be an artist of the truest type in the passage where the goddess Cybele passes in her chariot drawn by lions. What a striking and most realistic picture of the stern queen and her favorite animals is shown in the following lines:

"Forth from a rugged arch, in the dusk below,
Came mother Cybele: alone—alone—
In sombre chariot; dark foldings thrown
About her majesty, and front death pale,

With turrets crowned. Four maned lions hale
 The sluggish wheels; solemn their toothed maws,
 Their surly eyes brow-hidden, heavy paws
 Uplifted drowsily, and nervy tails
 Cowering their tawny brushes. Silent sails
 This shadowy queen athwart, and faints away
 In another gloomy arch."

Endymion continues his strange journey, and suddenly he sees the majestic sea above his head. All the marvelous things with which he meets here are described in very brilliant imaginative language. In my opinion this part of the poem does not possess as much merit as the preceding part. One grows weary of the many pictures he paints here. There are, however, many strong and beautiful passages in this section of the poem. The recital of the wanderings of the gray captive of the ocean through fabulous lands and waters leads us through worlds of delightful and awe-stricken fancy. From the palace of Neptune Endymion is conducted while in a dream to the surface of the earth. In a shady bower he meets with Artemis in the semblance of an Indian maiden. After a short while the goddess, who has tried to conceal her love from the other deities, can withhold no longer. She discloses herself to Endymion, and both mount into regions of immortal bliss.

This poem is truly a beautiful romance of nature. Its sounds are the sounds of fields and forests where none but nymphs dream all the long day, and its sights are the running brooks and the sweet-scented flowers all beneath the glamour of the moon. Keats has shown his wonderful imaginative power in this poem. If placed in the gloomy realm of Hades, in the mighty expanse of Neptune's kingdom, or beneath the silvery glimmering of the moon we see the pictures before us as a reality.

Keats sometimes allows his fervid imagination to overpower his reason, and as a consequence there are some far-fetched images in this poem. Another great defect is the lack of order in the construction. Many pictures are presented in so quick succession that the story is sometimes entirely lost to us. The poet's personality is recognized throughout, and in a few places we can see the faint, pleasing conceit of the author. The faults we see in this poem are the natural faults of a young writer, but the great strength of imagination and the smoothness of rhythm are seldom equalled. Taking the poem as a whole we can safely denounce his harsh critics, for the beautiful is certainly described with a rich fancy set to the sweetest music.

Magazine Notes.

—A pretty and interesting little magazine, now flourishing in its thirteenth volume, is the *Annals of Our Lady of Lourdes*. It is edited by one of the Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross and is published monthly here at Notre Dame in the interests of the Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception, which has been canonically established at the University, and which is affiliated to the Archconfraternity at Lourdes, France. It is essentially religious in its nature, and deals principally, though not exclusively, with the history and devotion of Our Lady of Lourdes. The first page of the May number is occupied by a beautiful poem, entitled "Our Lady's Month," reprinted from the *Ave Maria*. The chief article is an account of the twelfth apparition of Our Immaculate Mother at Lourdes. A series of papers, called "Martyr Memories," has been running in the *Annals* for some time. The present installment treats of the life and martyrdom of Edmund Arrowsmith, a Jesuit of Lancaster. Another interesting paper is that on the "Predestination of Mary." The *Annals* is well edited and neatly printed, and reflects great credit on those by whom it is published.

—"The War of the Worlds," a strange, fantastic story now running in the *Cosmopolitan*, is a very stirring description of an imaginary contest between some inhabitants of Mars and those of a certain English district. Their implements of war are of a strange and mysterious kind, and very destructive to their opponents. The New Congressional Library is well described in the second article. The illustrations which accompany the text are clear and beautiful. The history of the Associated Press is well told in a paper on "The Collection of News." The genius and great business ability of the American mind is shown in the working of this great enterprise. President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, contributes the second paper on the proposition, "Does Modern Education Educate in the Broadest and Most Liberal Sense of the Term?" This is a very instructive article, and the writer takes a hopeful view of the situation. To readers of fiction the conclusion of "The History of the Lady Betty Stair," by Miss Molly Elliot Seawell, should be interesting. That the Lady Betty should don the nun's habit and devote her life to the cause of the wounded soldiers of the French army is in harmony with her character.

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FRANCIS J. F. CONFER
LOUIS C. M. REED,
JOHN F. FENNESSEY, } *Reporters.*

The Baseball Dialect.

THE EDITOR:

SIR:—I have been deeply interested this spring in your description of the baseball games. The wonderful dialect in which these descriptions are expressed should be preserved in the history of our language, together with a glossary.

In the report of a recent conquest we were told that one of our own men is a "strong, heady player." What is the meaning of the epithet "heady"? The word in English has three significations: first, not easily controlled; headstrong; impetuous; rash; precipitate. Now, the player mentioned is a very amiable, quiet gentleman, not at all rash nor precipitate. Secondly, *heady* means tending to affect the head, as liquor. Did the writer mean that our friend plays so well that he is exhilarating, a sort of human champagne, as it were? Thirdly, *heady* means affected by or as by liquor; giddy. That were slanderous. What *did* the writer mean? Does the player called *heady* stop balls with his head?

"Barnes captured Daly's long drive to centre field." How can one capture a drive? And why should Mr. Daly drive across the field when a game was in progress?

Certain men "failed to solve Sickles' puzzles, but went out on strikes." That is a new rule, I suppose. Formerly a "pitcher" threw the ball toward the batsman; now it seems the game is more intellectual, and the pitcher comes furnished with a set of conundrums, charades, and the like; he propounds these, and the batsman that fails to find the answer grows indignant, and, like the Knights of Labor, he goes out on a strike.

After a "pop-up" had been "pulled in," "Sickles fanned," notwithstanding that the day was chilly and rainy. Immediately after this eccentric deed of Mr. Sickles, one of our men "failed to find him." Mr. Sickles had blown himself out with his fan. Thereupon Mr. Daly "broke the hoodoo." *Quibus auxiliis, cur, quomodo, quando?* Not regarding the shattered condition of our hoodoo, Mr. Hindel "knocked a sacrifice to McChesney." There is a mystery here. Is the hoodoo an idol of which Mr. Hindel is high priest, and is "McChesney" an *alias* for the hoodoo? But why "knock" a sacrifice, why not imitate other priests and *offer* sacrifice to the McChesney-hoodoo idol?

When the smoke of the sacrifice had rolled hoodooward, "Maclay punished the air." Later Mr. Maclay "sacrificed to Brown." Still another *alias* for the hoodoo.

On one occasion three of the Northwestern men "trotted across the plate" when some one, like the British Commander at Balaklava, had blundered, "and the hearts of the home rooters struck the ground with a dull thud." That is all clear and graphic except the word "rooters." Are rooters Chicago lambs?

"A couple of balls were thrown" to Mr. Barnes. There is another change. We used to play with one ball. I fancy this practice of throwing two balls at the same time is confusing to a batsman. At any rate, it had the effect that Mr. Barnes "flew out to Daly." Mr. B. is evidently a bird.

The ultimate cause of victory was that Mr. Maclay, that had already punished the air, and had flown out across the landscape, now performed the wonderful feat of getting up above our terrestrial atmosphere,—“He pounded the ether”! He “swatted” the everlasting cover “off” the singing spheres, made a “triple play” with the satellites of Jupiter, “fanned” the languishing Venus, plucked bright honor from the pale-faced moon, and set it on our quivering brows. What a wonderful game! What amazing English it calls forth!

ADMIRER.

Our Reporters.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis in his delightful boy's story, "The Reporter Who Made Himself King," compares the old way of training a newspaper man with the present method. He says, "The Old-Time Journalist will tell you the best reporter is the one who works his way up." In other words, he must make his *début* "as a printer's devil or as an office-boy, to learn in time to set type, to graduate from a compositor into a stenographer. . . . and so finally grow into a real reporter, with a fire badge on the left suspender, and a speaking acquaintance with all the greatest men in the city, not even excepting Police Captains."

So much for the Old Time Journalist's notions. The average reporter of today,

to the press. In this country, however, with the exception of Mr. Richard Harding Davis, Mr. Julian Hawthorne, Mr. Stephen Crane and one or two others, writers of merit rarely do any newspaper work.

It is evident, then, that "Our Reporters" are beginning in the right line if they wish to become successful journalists. Last year was the first time that any regular reporters were connected with the SCHOLASTIC. Previous to this the flotsam and jetsam were made up of contributions by any student that wished to see his "copy" in print, and the result was far from satisfactory. Now the reporters are chosen because of the exceptionally good work they do in the class room, and the marked improvement in the "Local Items" shows that the new order of things is a good one.

Mr. Frank W. O'Malley (English, '99), of



— OUR REPORTERS —

however, receives a very different course of training. "He should come," Mr. Davis continues—and judging from the success he has attained in journalism his opinion is valuable—"right out of the University where he has been doing 'campus notes' for the college weekly. . . . " This is indeed so; for editors realize that a college educated man has broader views, greater power to meet and surmount difficulties, and that he is able to write purer English than a graduate of the press room. It was only last year that the editor of one of the largest daily papers of New York offered positions to the four editors of the *Yale Courant*. This is very gratifying, for at present literary merit is sadly lacking in our journals. Over in England some of the leading essayists and writers of fiction find time to contribute

Wilkes Barre, Penn., began to write "locals" for the SCHOLASTIC in January, 1896. He also writes occasionally for the "Varsity Verse" column, and has been fortunate enough to have some of his verses accepted by the *New York Sun*. During the past winter the *Chicago Sunday Chronicle* thought some of his "locals" good enough to reprint—a compliment that the SCHOLASTIC and Mr. O'Malley feel very grateful for.

Mr. Francis J. F. Confer (Law, '97), of Altoona, Penn., came to the Notre Dame Law School from Cornell last year. Mr. Confer began writing locals in Brownson Hall shortly after he entered Notre Dame, and when he came over to Sorin Hall this year he still continued to contribute some of the brightest bits in the "Items." As he will be graduated

in June, the SCHOLASTIC will miss him very much next year. At odd moments Mr. Confer manages to tear away from Blackstone long enough to put together some dainty rimes, which are always welcomed in the "Varsity Verse" column.

Mr. Louis C. M. Reed (English, '99), of South Bend, Ind., has had some experience in newspaper work previous to his connection with the SCHOLASTIC. When a mere boy he was a reporter on the *Fort Wayne Journal*, and in 1895 accepted the responsible position of city editor of the *Post*, also of that city. Later he came to Notre Dame, and as his ability was immediately recognized, he began to write for this paper. At present Mr. Reed reports the Brownson Hall happenings in a bright and entertaining manner.

Mr. John F. Fennessey (Classical, '99), of Boston, Mass., although a "Carrollite," is a sophomore in the Classical course, and among the leaders in all his classes. His work in English is always clever, as anyone that reads the SCHOLASTIC knows. Mr. Fennessey reports the doings in Carroll Hall, and so has plenty of subjects to select from, for the Carrollites are constantly doing something unusual. His locals are very well written.

This local writing is by no means an easy matter, particularly when there are so many classes to be attended to. Then in our quiet college world startling occurrences are rare; and the reporters are often required to draw upon their imaginations for news. Nevertheless, they always do their work carefully, and so are constantly adding to their knowledge of English, and also improving their powers of observation—rewards that they no doubt think ample in themselves.

The one danger in this style of writing is that the beginner, unless he uses great care, will gradually acquire a newspaper style. No less an authority than Robert Louis Stevenson once wrote to a young journalist warning him to beware of "the brilliantly clever work of the newspapers." On a weekly paper, like the SCHOLASTIC, however, there is not the danger of doing the work so hurriedly as there is on a large daily paper; nevertheless, the presses back of the main building are often idle, and the Local Editor looks in vain through hall and campus for "just one more column."

At the request of their many friends, the reporters visited a South Bend photographer a few days ago, and we are glad to reproduce in this week's SCHOLASTIC the result of that visit.

Exchanges.

It is hard to be calumniated, but it is still harder to be calumniated without being able to force the detractor to tell the truth. In *The Northwestern* of May 6 is contained the most detestable bit of calumny we have ever seen printed in a college paper. It purports to be an account of the game played between Northwestern and Notre Dame on May 3, but in reality it is a childish attempt to excuse a decisive defeat. We do not wonder that Northwestern keenly felt its defeat, but that is no excuse for an attempt to slander Notre Dame. If the writer of the article in *The Northwestern* did not see the game, he was woefully misinformed; but if he did see the game he must have a conscience of India rubber and a regular Munchausen penchant for torturing the truth out of all semblance to itself. He accuses us of stealing the game; but, realizing the weakness of his charge, he does not attempt to prove this general assertion by quoting any specific incidents to substantiate his vague statements. If he were really honest in his intention of proving that the game was stolen he would have tried to show how we stole the game; but his method of attack leads us to believe that he was impelled solely by a puerile desire to throw mud at the victorious team. He seems to be very much aggrieved because we did not accept Mr. Tyndall as umpire. The home team always has the choice of the umpire, and our manager had already made arrangements to have Mr. Cross umpire the game. Mr. Cross, who is a member of a South Bend professional ball team, has the reputation of being a fair and impartial umpire; a reputation which was never questioned before Northwestern tried to seek an excuse for defeat. There was no reason in the world why we should have allowed Mr. Tyndall to act as umpire under the circumstances.

It is true that it rained during the game; but Northwestern made no objection to the rain so long as Notre Dame was ahead. It was not until the one inning in which Northwestern was in the lead that any objection to the rain was made, and then the objection was made by the Northwestern "rooters," and not by the captain or players of their team. Just as soon as Notre Dame forged to the front all question about calling the game was stopped. Moreover, *The Northwestern* claims that the Northwestern team had the Notre Dame men

beaten in the sixth inning. We shall give the sixth inning as it was, and any one that knows anything about baseball may readily see how badly Notre Dame was beaten. The score was 2 to 1 when Notre Dame went to bat. The home team failed to score. Golden went out on a fly. Murphy hit safe, and stole second while the ball was getting back to the pitcher. Sickles got his base on balls. Maclay hit to the infield and got first on an unsuccessful attempt to retire Murphy. McChesney hit to Hindel, who threw Murphy out at the plate. Lowes was hit by a pitched ball, and Sickles was forced across the plate. The score was then even. With three men on bases, Gibson threw the ball to third base. The ball was wet and was not thrown to exactly the right place, and Brown could not capture it. Three of Northwestern's men trotted across the plate, and that was how we were so badly beaten in the sixth. In the seventh Notre Dame made five scores, one of them being an earned run.

The detailed account of the game, as it appeared in last week's SCHOLASTIC will prove that Northwestern was clearly out-played. Notre Dame made fewer errors than Northwestern, but her errors were more costly. Notre Dame has nine stolen bases to Northwestern's two. She has fourteen hits to Northwestern's eight. She has two earned runs to Northwestern's zero. She has fifteen assists to Northwestern's eight. She has two double plays to Northwestern's zero. That is a conclusive proof that the game was won on its merits, and but increases our contempt for a man who can unblushingly say that the game was stolen in the face of such a clear demonstration of the superiority of Notre Dame's playing. As for the assertion that the diamond was no better than a pond, any one that has ever played ball on the local diamond will know just how much credence to put in that statement.

The remarks attributed to Notre Dame men may have been made by them, but we doubt it very much. It is not at all likely that they would make such remarks under the circumstances. The remarks may have been made by persons not connected with the college; but we do not know as to that, for we did not ourselves hear them. *The Northwestern* also says that the game was a poor exhibition of ball playing. That is likewise a fabrication of the fertile brain of the writer of the article. Up to the beginning of the sixth inning a better game of ball could not have been desired, and at no time was the game uninteresting.

An Honored Alumnus Dead

—It is with a feeling of profound grief that we announce the death of James Boyer Runnion (A. B. '60, A. M. '64), who died at his home in Kansas City, Mo.; on Thursday, May 6. Mr. Runnion was one of the foremost newspaper men in the country, and was well and favorably known throughout the West. He was associate-editor of the *Kansas City Star* at the time of his death, but earlier in his life he was connected with the *Chicago Times* and *The Tribune*. He has been at all times considered as one of the strongest editorial writers, and one of the leading journalists of the West. He began his journalistic work at Notre Dame, where he was one of the founders and editors of *The Progress*, the precursor of the SCHOLASTIC. His *Alma Mater* has ever been proud of him, and that he was a loyal son to her is proved by the clipping attached below. Personally, Mr. Runnion was a model man, one of God's noblemen, and he leaves thousands of friends to mourn his loss. He was popular with all who knew him, and he was deeply loved by those who were so fortunate as to be his friends. He was learned and a thorough scholar. As a newspaper man he was always progressive, and his wonderful energy and vitality exerted a powerful influence upon any paper with which he was connected. We take the following extracts from an extended review of his life which appeared in the *Kansas City Star* Friday, May 7:

He possessed in youth the same gentleness of speech and manner that marked him in later years, and he was greatly beloved in the circle of friends he gathered about him in school. He took all his life a certain pride in Notre Dame, and retained pleasant memories of the Fathers who laid its foundations in a wide wilderness, and who were his instructors. . . . Mr. Runnion was a fine type of the modern American journalist. He was transferred from the *Times* to *The Tribune*, two papers of widely opposing political opinions and expressions, yet he was equally trusted by the controlling powers of each, and did equally strong and deserving work on each. He considered that each day that came was a new day with a new story to tell, new questions to be solved, new advances to be welcomed, new dangers to be met. He was not without opinions and convictions, but he was without prejudices, bigotries, or hampering ties and traditions. The question he was in the world to meet was, "What about *today*?" So he lived and wrought. . . . In 1884 Mr. Runnion's health failed, putting an end for the time to his labors in Chicago, and in the year after, twelve years ago, he came to Kansas City and took up work with his former fellow-student at Notre Dame as associate-editor of *The Star*. His work was not only the expression of his own views, but the direction of the expressions of others. All associated with him observed his wide information, his clearness and fairness of spirit, his open mindedness and his remarkable gift of conciseness of expression, giving the all of a question to be stated or discussed in the fewest possible words. In his love of justice, his reverence for that which was good and pure, and his practice of the graces and virtues which hallow and sweeten the relations between men, he established his right to an abundant share of the peace and blessedness which he was taught to hope and believe survive the fleeting breath.

A Baseball Humorist.

Comes to us from Evanston, Ill., a paper called the *Index* containing a marked account of the game between Northwestern University and Notre Dame, played here on May 3. Judging from the write-up, the reporter saw the game from hearsay, or he endeavored to write a very touching short story, with robbery as its central idea. This is the title: "ROBBED BY THE TENTH MAN," meaning the umpire. We shall give a few selections. The column begins with the pithy remark: *Robbed of the game.* This is a falsehood, and we will prove it. *Sickles struck out man after man as fast as they came to bat.* Nevertheless, the score below credits Notre Dame with thirteen hits (it was fourteen, in reality), and the errors credited to Northwestern amount to 5 (it should read 7). Evidently there were a few balls knocked out that the wearers of the Purple could not field. *It was the worst exhibition of rowdy rooting that Northwestern ever went up against.* The simple facts are that the supporters of the Gold and Blue, when they saw that there was a chance of winning back the game, after the unfortunate error at third, brightened up, and for the rest of the game gave all their college yells in quick succession. Any good work done by the wearers of the Purple was unstintedly applauded, particularly in the case of Barnes and of Golden. Even the reporter forgets himself and acknowledges this fact later on. *They refused to let Tyndall umpire.* It is always the privilege of the home team to procure the umpire. *Game should properly have been called at the end of the sixth inning.* No one asked the umpire to call the game, and neither were the enthusiastic rooters "driven to shelter"..... *Forced to play with a water-soaked ball, as slippery as though it were made of glass.* Too bad! But we couldn't regulate the weather; and, to quote the words of Sir Roger de Coverley, "much might be said on both sides." As for the rosin, both pitchers used it, so that argument falls flat: *Northwestern took a vicious brace at the bat in the eighth inning and earned three runs.* Again the reporter forgot himself, for Notre Dame is the only team that figures in the earned runs of the summary.

Now, a few words about Mr. Cross, the umpire. We shall pass over the nauseating falsehoods about his inability to read, and dwell for a brief space upon his capacity and impartiality. Mr. Cross has played on profes-

sional teams throughout the country, is at present captain and second baseman of the South Bend professional team—the identical club that the *Index's* reporter claims to have been robbed repeatedly at Notre Dame,—and at all other games has given entire satisfaction to teams visiting Notre Dame. This does away completely with the statements that Mr. Cross is a local man; that he does not know the difference between a ball and a strike; that the sympathies of the South Bend fans were with Northwestern; and that a foreign team is never allowed to win on the home grounds. As to the statements that Mr. Cross refused to call balks on the Notre Dame pitcher, and that he kept for the latter the spare ball in his pocket, but placed it in a puddle of water for Northwestern's pitcher—this is simply rot. *A pouring rain with water three inches deep on the diamond....* The only water on the diamond was that which naturally collected round the pitcher's box. Unfortunately, we were unable to erect a circustent over the field:

The last paragraph of this thrilling report begins thus: "Notre Dame plays good fast ball just the same, and it is a pity they are not honest." Thanks, awfully, especially for the last clause; and pity 'tis, 'tis *not* true.

Now, Mr. Reporter, listen to a story that is true. One day last summer the editor of a little country paper made some remarks about the New York *Sun* that Mr. Dana objected to. This was the only comment of the editor of the greatest American newspaper: "You lie, you know you lie, and you are so small we dislike to waste the type to tell you so."

F. W. O'M.

Local Items.

—FOUND—A silver medal. The owner may have it by calling on B. Leander.

—All students desiring to enter the Elocution Contest should hand in their names to the Prefect of Studies no later than Monday, May 17.

—The following names were omitted from the List of Excellence last week: *Quantitative Chemistry*, Jacob Rosenthal; *Physiology*, W. Burnett Weaver.

—At a meeting of the Brownson Tennis Club held Wednesday, a resolution was passed to the effect that members of the club only would hereafter be allowed to frequent the courts.

—By the time the SCHOLASTIC will be in the hands of its readers this afternoon the Gold and Blue will be battling with the Maroon. Let us hope the Gold and Blue will win and add

another diadem to its already brilliant crown.

—If the senior partner of S. H. and Co., does not soon remove his exuberant locks it is feared there will be trouble. A gentleman who has frequently taken part in "conspiracies" was seen loitering about the barn this morning, and when he departed the package under his coat looked suspiciously like sheep shears.

—Attired in full dress uniform and preceded by the University Band, Companies A and B last Sunday morning made a circuit of the College grounds, and then marched to Sorin Hall where they were reviewed by Colonel Hoynes. The companies presented a splendid appearance, and received many flattering compliments.

—A gentleman who is deeply interested in the Fire Department is at work on a device which he thinks will aid the firemen very effectively in case of a conflagration. It consists of a hay stacker, with the chute so arranged that firemen, hose and all can be shot up to any altitude in less than no time. We all know how much time is lost in climbing ladders, and it is thought that the firemen will take kindly to the stacker, and "shoot the chutes" in gallant fashion.

—On last Saturday evening the members of the Temperance Societies were entertained by Prof. Preston with a stereopticon lecture on "Paris." Over one hundred views were thrown upon the screen. Prof. Preston showed himself thoroughly familiar with the subject, having resided in Paris himself; and with his happy manner of description made the evening pass away most delightfully. Professor Greene kindly looked after the stereopticon, and to him, as well as to the genial lecturer, the societies wish to express their grateful acknowledgments.

—We clip the following from the editorials of the South Bend *Daily Times* of last Monday:

The G. A. R. posts of this city are to be congratulated on the selection of a Memorial Day orator for this year. Col. Wm. Hoynes is admirably suited as orator for such an occasion. He is a thoroughly patriotic citizen, a firm believer in republican institutions, an earnest champion of popular rights. As a mere youth he entered the army to do battle for the preservation of the Union, the enforcement of government authority, and the vindication of the honor and glory of the Stars and Stripes. He served his country faithfully and valiantly. In time of war he believed in fighting for the supremacy of the government; in time of peace he believes in fostering the best interests of the people of our great republic. He is not a mere talker; he is a thinker, a reasoner, a logician. A Memorial Day address from such a source will be well worth hearing.

—During the past week the Rev. President Morrissey examined the students of St. Edward's Hall, and found the work done in that department entirely satisfactory. The little fellows had been studying very hard for this examination, and the result is very flattering to them. Father Morrissey laid particular stress on this test, for the reason that he may be

unable to attend the final examinations of the Minims in June. He was very much pleased with the answers given, and complimented the young students on their diligence and intelligence. As a reward for their application to study, the Minims were allowed several extra hours of recreation, at the request of Father Morrissey.

—The University Moot-Court recently dealt with a very interesting case of the criminal order, in which the chief participants were well-known members of the Law Class. K. C. having been indicted on a charge of assault and battery preferred by one Stephen, it was developed in the course of the trial that Stephen and K. C. had engaged in a wrestling bout in which the latter was worsted. Evidently enraged at his defeat, K. C. got up and struck the prosecuting witness a violent blow on the point of the jaw. These facts were admitted by the defence; but attorney Skimmer, in a lengthy and philosophical argument, succeeded in convincing the jury that, owing to Stephen's luxuriant growth of whiskers, nothing short of a cannon ball or a Jersey mosquito could make any impression on his jaw. K. C. being only a retired baseball player was allowed to go free. In consequence, however, of his defeat by Stephen in the wrestling match, the Law Class last night excommunicated him with much malediction.

—Thursday evening the editors were called together by the Director, and they feared all sorts of misfortune, not excepting double assignments. The air in the staff-room was chilly, for they shivered, all but a wise few that had been there before. The Director looked solemn, awful, ominous; the editors cowardly, sheepish, fearful. The meeting was called to order, and the dense silence was broken. Forth from its lair was carried an oblong box—they thought lots were to be drawn for six-column articles. It was opened, and—ye angels of goodness!—the ice thawed in their hearts, the clouds lifted from their brows, the smiles of joy returned to their lips. There, enwrapped in the purest linen, with bunches of violets breathing round it, lay—a cake and this legend on a scroll: "Compliments of the Class of '97." Accepted most gratefully, Graduates of St. Mary's Academy. We feel, however, that you deserve the compliments, not we. Let us present them, then, as gracefully as we can. You have already driven a good half-dozen of us into a poetic frenzy, and the figures of speech the Muse has inspired us with will hardly be appreciated by such as are not affected as we are. The cake was food for the gods; that is trite, but still emphatic. The compliment you paid us, dear cousins beyond the proposed stone wall, was, and is, and will be, one of the sweetest memories of the Board of Editors of '96-'97.

—C. N.—has troubles of his own. Some-time ago he ordered, in the name of the

Athletic Association, a number of monograms for the baseball sweaters. The monograms came Tuesday. They were, to use a slang phrase, "hot numbers." Each one was as large as a boiler cover and as stiff as a board. And the letters were so artistically interwoven—like cordwood. C. was frantic. He paced up and down the floor, piercing the atmosphere with dark green epithets of disapproval. And while he was marching up and down, some one was heartless enough to say "Monroeville, on a busy day." It was bad enough to receive elongated monograms, but to have insinuations cast at the little Hoosier village which proudly calls C. one of her sons, was a little more than he could stand. So he sat down (joke) and wrote to the firm a letter which looks better at a distance. When a reporter approached C. he was standing behind one of the monograms murmuring something awfully naughty.

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